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NARRATIVES
OF
INDIAN CAPTIVITIES



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LEETH'S
NARRATIVE

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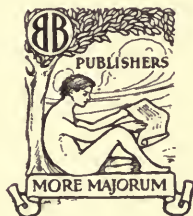
NARRATIVES OF CAPTIVITIES

A SHORT BIOGRAPHY OF JOHN LEETH
WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HIS LIFE
AMONG THE INDIANS

REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL EDITION OF 1831
WITH INTRODUCTION BY

REUBEN GOLD THWAITES

Editor of "The Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents," "Chronicles of
Border Warfare," "Wisconsin Historical Collections,"
Hennepin's "New Discovery," etc., etc.



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INTRODUCTION

THE narrative of Indian captivity and fur-trading here reprinted is one of the often-quoted sources of Middle West history. It is commendable enterprise upon the part of the publishers, in this era of awakened interest in our historical beginnings, to give the little book a new lease of life. Originally published in 1831, at Lancaster, Ohio, it had by the close of the War of Secession become a much-sought rarity. In 1883 it was reprinted in excellent form by the Robert Clarke Co., of Cincinnati, with Introduction and Notes by Consul Willshire Butterfield. That painstaking editor gave evidence in his annotations of a wealth of special knowledge concerning the topography and history of Ohio; but unfortunately there were only a hundred and forty-three copies in his edition, and the stock soon became exhausted. In the preparation of this Introduction, Butterfield's store of illustrative material has been especially useful. The present reprint has been made directly from the original.

Although the story is related in the first person singular, the author, as stated both on the title-page and in the Preface, was Ewel Jeffries — just as John Filson was the author of Boone's so-called autobiography. The information was furnished by Leeth, but the language is clearly that of the interviewer. To Jeffries alone, no doubt, are ascribable the amusing specimens of stilted phraseology to be found in the dialogues and pious reflections. It is quite evident that the speech of the rough old fur-trader himself was far removed from such grandiloquence.

The hero was in his seventy-seventh year when his recollections were reduced to writing by Mr. Jeffries. His memory was unusually accurate for a man in his humble walk of life, not accustomed to keeping records. There are in the narrative but few errors of chronology or other fact, and possibly some of these are attributable to lack of knowledge on the part of the interviewer. Many of the geographical and historical references are vague, and require elucidation for the modern reader. The story is on the whole an accurate, matter-of-fact recital of the often thrilling personal experiences of a typical trader and hunter in the then Indian country of Pennsylvania and Ohio — his numerous expeditions, his intimate relations with the savages, his captivity and life in their

camps, chiefly during the stirring period between 1774 and 1790. The name Leeth is evidently the interviewer's phonetic misspelling of Leith; for when the Scotch city of Leith is mentioned, it also is given as "Leeth." But the narrative having become something of a classic under the name as spelled by Jeffries, it would, from a bibliographical point of view, be inadvisable now to attempt any change therein.

John Leeth's father was a native of Leith, Scotland; his mother, of Virginia — pious folk, but like most American pioneers of that day, poor in purse. He himself was born on the Pedee River, in South Carolina, March 15, 1755. The father died before John's birth, and the widow passed away when their child was five years old. The charge of an uncle, the lad was early apprenticed to a tailor, who moved with him to Charleston, whence after two years he ran away. Wandering to Little York, Pennsylvania, he bound himself to a farmer whom he served for the full term of four years, after which, in his eighteenth year, he hired out to a Pittsburg fur-trader, which adventurous occupation he followed for nearly twenty eventful years.

He was first sent (1773) to the site of the present Lancaster, Ohio, where, fifty-eight years later, his narrative was published; it was then the seat of the Delaware village of Standing

Stone. On the tenth of April following — the text says 1772, but this is an error for 1774 — Leeth, alone in charge of the trading-post, was made prisoner by his Delaware neighbors, who also confiscated the stock of goods consigned to his care. This was one of the numerous Indian aggressions in that region, which culminated a few months later in Lord Dunmore's campaign against the Shawnees and Mingoes northwest of Ohio River. Being at once adopted into the Delaware tribe, as the son of an old warrior, Leeth's captivity was accompanied by few hardships. It had of course been necessary for him, upon adoption, to pledge himself not to attempt to desert his new father, and this promise was faithfully kept. By the treaty at Camp Charlotte, on the Pickaway Plains, the last week in October, he regained his liberty through white supremacy; but it is evident that he nevertheless considered himself and thenceforth was considered by them a passive member of the tribe.

Then followed two years of prosperity as a hunter and fur-trader. In the summer of 1776, he was again captured by Indians, this time by the Shawnees; but being sold to the Wyandots he was, as an adopted Delaware, at once released by his new owners, and soon resumed his occupation of hunting and trapping. The succeeding spring (1777), he accompanied a party of forest traders to the British headquarters in

Detroit. Here he found employment as a trader, his chief engaging him to take a boat-load of Indian goods to Lower Sandusky — now Fremont, Sandusky County, Ohio.

Upon applying to Lieutenant-Governor Henry Hamilton for a pass, that officer sought instead to engage Leeth as an interpreter in the Indian Department, and to accompany the savage allies in forays against American borderers. Leeth declining this service, Hamilton not only refused to grant the requested pass, but bade the man stay in Detroit where he soon found himself under military surveillance. Despite these irksome conditions, the young trader profited from his ample acquirements in Indian linguistics, by ingratiating himself with the tribesmen who swarmed into Detroit and turning a large share of their trade to the shop of his employer. The account of his experiences in Detroit during this period is important historically as the apparently trustworthy testimony of an eyewitness of the relations between Hamilton and the Indian scalp-gatherers. Leeth tells us that Hamilton took "great delight in the exhibition" of the tattered, bruised, and starving American pioneers, destined for torture, and of the bloody scalps which their savage captors brought to the door of the British chief.

Probably late in the summer, Leeth obtained the desired permit to go to Sandusky.

The following spring (1778), the old Delaware who four years previous had adopted him as a son, appeared on the scene and induced him to return to the tribe, with whom he lived for several years. Jeffries makes his hero speak of this as captivity; but it was voluntary on his part, in recognition of his promise. At first he went to Coshocton, a Delaware village on the Muskingum. There, early in March, 1779, he married Salley Lowrey, a white girl of some seventeen or eighteen years, who had also been a captive among the Indians; his age at the time was twenty-four. The young people, still following the fur-trade, went to live in the Moravian mission town of Gnadenhütten, on the Tuscarawas River, where many of the Delawares dwelt.

In September, 1781, a war party of Indians and British made Gnadenhütten their resting-place upon an expedition against the border. Finding there evidence that the Moravian missionaries had warned the Americans of their approach, the village was sacked. The missionaries, together with Leeth and his wife and two children, were carried by the British to the Wyandot village of Upper Sandusky, on the east branch of the Sandusky. Leeth was not allowed to trade here on his own account, but was permitted to act as agent for a company of British traders, two of whose members were his old employers.

The next year (1782) was an eventful one at Upper Sandusky. Colonel William Crawford led against this centre of British-Indian activity a column of nearly five hundred mounted rangers from Pennsylvania and Virginia. They arrived in the neighborhood of the village on the fourth of June, and the battle of that day resulted in an advantage to the Americans. But on the following day the British and Indians received reinforcements, and Crawford's party retreated in confusion. Fifty of the Americans were lost; of those captured by the Indians, nearly all met death by torture, among them being Crawford himself, who suffered almost unexampled misery at the stake.

When, on the first day, Crawford had penetrated to within fifteen miles of Upper Sandusky, Leeth started in hot haste for Lower Sandusky with the property of his employers, some \$1,500 worth of silver, furs, powder, lead, horses and cattle. Meeting the British reinforcements coming up the river, under Captain Elliot and Colonel Butler, they appropriated his cattle but otherwise did not molest him and on the second day he safely reached his destination.

Upon the conclusion of the second battle, during which he was closely watched to prevent him communicating with the Americans, the company reopened their store at Upper Sandusky. Here Leeth remained for some two

and a half years; and then, the company being dissolved, went with one of the factors (apparently in 1784) to New Coshocton, a Delaware town on the headwaters of Miami River, three miles north of the present Bellefontaine, Logan County, Ohio, and about forty-five miles southwest of Upper Sandusky. With him were his wife and children. He was present at the treaty of Fort McIntosh (January, 1785), near the present town of Beaver, Pennsylvania, on the Ohio River some thirty miles below Pittsburg.

Soon after this event, having now, through the advent of peace, been released from British surveillance, we find him engaged in a fur-trade partnership with two Pittsburg men. His outfit was a considerable one, for he states that he "started westward, with thirty-four horses, loaded with £1484 worth of goods." Setting up a trading-house at the old Tuscarawas town on the south side of the river of that name — not far from the present Bolivar, Tuscarawas County, Ohio — he had at the end of nine months "sold out nearly all our goods."

Prosperity could not long endure with a forest trader upon a frontier so troubled as Ohio then was. A rival establishment existed in the neighborhood, kept by one Hamilton. While the latter was absent at Pittsburg, Wyandot Indians raided his store (September 27, 1785),

killed his clerk James Chambers, and carried off the goods. A friendly Delaware came at once to the assistance of the Leeths, and bore them to New Coshocton, at the same time hiding their wares. Shortly after, when the country had quieted down, Leeth went out with horses from Pittsburg and by the aid of friendly Indians brought in his goods.

Our hero would now readily have abandoned the fur-trade, but his partners induced him to return to New Coshocton, whither he and his family started from Pittsburg, January 15, 1786. After having collected fourteen horse-loads of valuable peltries, he despatched his serving-man with the cavalcade to Pittsburg; but when about two-thirds of the journey had been accomplished, the man was killed by the Mingoes and Wyandots and the furs stolen.

Suffering greatly from fear of a general Indian uprising, the Leeths remained at New Coshocton until April and then moved to Tuppakin, the Indian name for the Moravian mission town of New Schönbrunn, on the Tuscarawas, a mile and a quarter south of the present New Philadelphia. Once more he made an attempt at the fur-trade; but the troublesome conditions of the times caused him to hide his goods and flee the country, the hardy little family having again to make the laborious journey to Pittsburg. As soon as practicable, Leeth went out to Tuppakin

and regained his goods and furs; but his horses had been stolen, although he afterwards recovered them in Pittsburg. A little later, he went out to the Tuscarawas and Muskingum country in company with a hunting party of seventeen Indians. His goods he successfully disposed of for furs, with which he returned to Pittsburg, where he settled with his partners and gave them the horses. This completed his adventurous and on the whole unprofitable fur-trading career.

Apparently in the closing months of 1786, the Leeths left Pittsburg, and passed the winter with Moravian Delawares upon the Cuyahoga River, in the present Independence Township, Cuyahoga County, Ohio. The following May, they accompanied their tribal friends, upon the removal of the latter, to the Huron River, in the present town of Milan, Erie County, where they resided until November, 1790.

In July of that year, General Josiah Harmar conducted his mutually disastrous expedition against the Maumee Indians in the neighborhood of what is now Fort Wayne, Indiana. This was followed by a general upheaval of the border, among the features of which was an attempt on the part of the hostiles to remove the Moravian converts from the Huron to the head of the Maumee, that they might be the more easily drawn upon for war-parties. The

Leeths were so alarmed over the state of affairs that they fled to Fort McIntosh on foot—a perilous, miserable journey of over two hundred miles, made in seventeen days amidst bitterly cold weather, and with no provisions save parched corn.

Leeth first settled down upon a farm in the neighborhood of his wife's people, "near Robbstown, in Pennsylvania, being free from the Indians, and under American protection." Five years later (1795), he proceeded with his family down the Ohio "in a boat of my own building;" but after some unfortunate experiences on the Muskingum and above Marietta on the Ohio, settled at Bird's Ferry. His wife dying about this time, he was united (1802) to a widow named Sarah McKee, who lived on Middle Island, near Marietta. She appears to have in every way proved a satisfactory spouse, and the family prospered financially. Later, he moved to Fairfield County, Ohio, some ten miles out of Lancaster. Here, in 1831, he was interviewed by Jeffries, and died a year later in the seventy-eighth year of his age, possessed of "a competency" which had made "his declining years easy and respectable."

Nearly a half of the narrative is devoted to an account of Leeth's religious experiences. He would have us believe that during his fur-trading days he had been a scoffer; but in the

manner of converts, he no doubt unconsciously exaggerates the depravity of his early years. There are abundant evidences in the text that he was temperate in his habits, of a sympathetic nature, a man of his word, and freely trusted by his employers and partners. Converted to Methodism about 1793, he thereafter seems to have taken an active part in the affairs of that denomination in the various communities where he was settled. This portion of the relation is not without some historical interest, as exhibiting the phraseology, psychological condition, and methods of the religious enthusiasts of the period when Ohio was on the frontier line, and emotional camp-meetings were an active agency in the spiritual regeneration of the rude borderers.

Leeth's narrative is from every point of view well worth the reprinting. But in order that it may be read understandingly, we have deemed it advisable to present this somewhat protracted Introduction to serve both as a summary and an interpretation.

REUBEN GOLD THWAITES.

MADISON, Wis., November 20, 1903.

LEETH'S NARRATIVE

LANCASTER, OHIO: 1831

Reprinted from a copy of the original edition
in the library of the Wisconsin State
Historical Society

A
SHORT BIOGRAPHY

OF

JOHN LEETH,

GIVING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF HIS TRAVELS AND SUFFER-
INGS AMONG THE

Indians for eighteen years.

TOGETHER WITH

HIS RELIGIOUS EXERCISES,

FROM HIS OWN RELATION,

BY EWEL JEFFRIES.

LANCASTER, OHIO.

PRINTED AT THE GAZETTE OFFICE—MAIN ST.

1831.

Preface.

THE design of the following work is to show the providence of God, in guiding his creatures through life, although their situation, at times, may be, to all appearance, dismaying, perilous and almost insurmountable.

Mr. LEETH, the subject of the following pages, is now living, and has long been a respectable member of the Methodist Communion. Having been directed, by an unseen hand, through all the vicissitudes of fortune, from the savage haunts of a boundless wilderness, to the peaceful shades of civilized society, with a competency to make his declining years easy and respectable, in the large circle of friends in which he moves, he may truly say, the Christian's life is a life of pleasantness.

THE AUTHOR.

Biography of John Leeth.

I WAS born in Hickory Grove, on the Pedee River, South Carolina, on the 15th day of March, 1755, of respectable parents, though of low circumstances in the world. My father died before I was born; and my mother died when I was about five years of age; after which, I was bound to a Tailor to learn the trade. Shortly after I had entered into my new situation, my master removed to Charleston, S. C. and took me with him. After I had remained in his family about two years, my mind became restless; and I eloped from my master and his service. I made my way for Little York, in Pennsylvania; and when I arrived there, I came to the conclusion that I was not properly able to take care of myself, and bound myself to a farmer for the term of four years; which time I served out with becoming fortitude and agility. When my time of service was out, and I was free from my master, I bent my course to Fort Pitt, now Pittsburg; and hired myself to an Indian trader. Our first rout, from thence, was to New Lancaster, (then an Indian

Town,) in the State of Ohio; and after being there some length of time, in his employ, having the care and oversight of his goods, I was taken prisoner by the Delaware Indians, in the following manner, when about seventeen years of age: — On the 10th day of April, 1772, when my employer had been from home two weeks, I was lying on some skins in my employer's store; an Indian boy came to me, and told me his father wanted to see me. I went with him; and when I came to the old man, he showed me a place to sit down. I took my seat with much wonder and surprise. As I could not yet understand Indian language, the old Indian having a white woman for his wife, made her interpreter for us. He began with asking me if I had heard the news that a war had broken out between the whites and Indians; that the Shawnees had killed seven white men, and taken four prisoners; that the Virginians had taken Mingo Town, at Cross Creek, on the Ohio River. I answered him, that I had heard nothing of it. He asked me what I thought of the matter. With a trembling heart I informed him, I knew not what to think of it; that I had never done them any harm; I had no hand in the matter, and hoped they would take care of me. He then told me to rise and stand up on my feet. With the fearful expectation he intended to kill me immediately, I arose, and

stood before him. He then proceeded,—“Your mother has risen from the dead to give you suck;” at the same time pointing to his wife’s breast; then laid his hand on his own breast, and said,—“Your father has also risen to take care of you, and you need not be afraid, for I will be a father to you.” He then embraced my neck, and called the chiefs around him; when they proceeded to divide the store-goods, spirits, and all that I had care of, among themselves.

The same fall, General Dunmore, a British officer, came out against the Indians, with a considerable army of whites; and after a variety of skirmishing and manœuvring, a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Big Kenhawa; the Indians retreated with the loss of about twenty-five; the army pursued and overtook them while they were crossing the river, and killed about twenty-five more; after which, the Indians returned to their habitations, and gave up the contest for that time. Some time after, news came that Dunmore was marching up the Hockhocking River, with an army; when some of the Indians proposed to kill me, and put me out of the way; but my late father, (for he was a father to me indeed,) interfered, and prevented their horrid intention. They then commenced their flight from the Towns, and took me with them, with my hands bound behind

my back; they took me a long and wearisome journey to their camp. Before we arrived at the camp, I formed a firm and settled resolution to make my escape, if any opportunity should offer, at which I made several attempts; but was so closely watched, that all possibility of an escape was utterly abortive. General Dunmore marched to Shawnee Town, where Chillicothe now is, where he received a letter informing him that war was proclaimed; and not thinking himself safe in the situation he was, in order to make his escape, made a pretended peace with the Indians. After the cessation of hostilities, my father gave me and his two sons our freedom, with a rifle, two pounds of powder, four pounds of lead, a blanket, shirt, match-coat, pair of leggings, &c. to each, as our freedom suits; and told us to shift for ourselves. Having my freedom to act for myself, but destined to remain in an uncultivated wilderness, where no voice was heard but the yells of savages, the howling of wolves, and the dread screams of the panther; no cultivated fields or lowing herds, nor any prospect for the support of life, but what the dreary regions of a wide and boundless wilderness presented, was appalling and discouraging; and what added horror to my situation was, it was death to make an attempt at seeking a more hospitable and fruitful clime: However, Providence smiled on me, and I made

my living by hunting, and trading with the Indians. In the course of about two years, I had accumulated a considerable property in skins, furs, &c. perhaps to the amount of two or three hundred dollars, spending my time mostly in some useful employment.

About two years from the time of my freedom, about twenty Indians came from another tribe; and while I was dealing with a trader and his assistant, took us all prisoners with all our property. They took me a considerable rout through the wilderness; and after some days sold me to another nation of Indians. Soon after I was sold, my purchaser informed me he did not buy me for the purpose of enslaving me; it was only because he loved me and wished me to stay with him; and gave me my liberty on my promise not to leave him. At that time I had nothing but my gun. I then set out once more to shift for myself in the woods; and by hunting and trading that fall and spring, accumulated furs and skins to the amount of seventy or seventy-five dollars.

About this time, the war between Great Britain and America, with their Indian allies, was at its height. I went with some of the Indian traders to Detroit; and when we arrived there, the British had the command and control of the place, furnishing the Indians with fire-arms, ammunition, the tomahawk and scalping-knife,

to assist them against the whites of America. Having by this time become perfectly acquainted with the Indian language, and inured to their habits and customs, I then engaged with an Indian trader, who was to pay me seven pounds ten shillings per month, with victuals and clothing exclusively. After engaging me, my employer returned to Sandusky, where he had been a considerable time engaged, leaving his goods with me to take on by water across the Lake. Fort Detroit was then under martial law, and no person was permitted to go in or out without a pass from the Governor thereof. When I had made my arrangements to start with the goods, I went to the Governor for a pass, informing him my employer had left orders with me to follow on after him, with the goods. He asked where I wanted to take them. I told him to Sandusky. He then asked me what my employer gave me per month. I told him. He said it was not enough, and if I would join the Indian department under his command, he would give me two dollars per day, and one and a half rations exclusively. I then asked him what he wanted me to do. He answered, he wanted me to interpret for them, and sometimes go to war with them, against their enemies; observing, as I understood both languages, I would be of peculiar service to them. This so affrighted and confused me, that I did not

know what answer to give him; but told him, as an excuse, that I was a very unhealthy, weakly youth, and not able to perform such services. He then requested me to go to him the next morning, at nine o'clock; accordingly, I went at that hour. He then enquired if I had considered of the offer he had made me the evening before. I told him I had; and urged the same excuse for not complying with it. He answered,—“If you are not fit for the service, you are not fit for Sandusky; and you will stay where you are.” My employer had a partner in the Fort; and I consulted him on the matter. I told him he had better give me a discharge, as the Governor would not let me go. He answered he would not discharge me, but would wait the result of the matter; until which time, he would board me at Forsyth's Tavern; and if I got my wages, I need not care where I was. I acquiesced to the proposition, and went there to board. After some time elapsed, while in that situation, as I was sitting in one of the lower rooms, lamenting my condition, lest some sad misfortune should befall me, I heard some men enter the house above; they enquired of the landlady if there was a man by the name of Leeth, boarding there. She answered in the affirmative; and they observed, they would be glad to see him. She came down and informed me, that some gentlemen above wished to see

me; and requested I would go up. I answered her, that I was afraid their visit portended no good to me, as I was in a peculiar situation, and felt some fears in going up. She informed me, they were very clever gentlemen, and I need not fear to go up; upon which, I went with her into the room. On my arrival in the room, they presented me with a chair—I sat down. They then, with the utmost complaisance and affability, presented me with some wine; my mind being considerably on the alert, and not knowing their intentions towards me, I refused to take any for some time; but at length, through their friendly persuasions, I consented, and took some. After this ceremony was over, they informed me that they had understood the Governor had refused to give me a pass, and I was then detained, though on wages, against my will. I answered in the affirmative; when they let fall a volley of curses on him, and advised me not to yield to him; but continue in the Fort. “It may be,” said they, “you do not like to board at the Tavern; if not, and you had rather be at a private house, preparation shall be made for you to live with us.” Their complaisance won my affections; and I accepted their offer. They, being traders also, employed me to spy around the town, and when any Indians brought skins, furs, &c. to market, to deal for them, in their behalf, as I

understood the Indian language, and had a better opportunity of trafficking in that way, than themselves; for which, they gave me from two to five dollars per day, for ten weeks; during which time, I was confined to the Fort.

One day, while detained in the Fort, I observed some soldiers drawing the cannon out of the Fort, and placing them on the bank of the River; and whilst I was ruminating in my mind, what could be the meaning of this singular manœuvre, a young silver-smith, with whom I was intimately acquainted, came and asked me to walk with him, and see them fire the cannon. I walked with him to the place where they had carried them. When we arrived there, we found Governor Hamilton, and several other British officers, who were standing and sitting around. Immediately after our arrival at the place, the Indians produced a large quantity of scalps; the cannon fired, the Indians raised a shout, and the soldiers waived their hats, with huzzas and tremendous shrieks, which lasted some time. This ceremony being ended, the Indians brought forward a parcel of American prisoners, as a trophy of their victories; among whom, were eighteen women and children, poor creatures, dreadfully mangled and emaciated; with their clothes tattered and torn to pieces, in such a manner as not to hide their nakedness; their

legs bare and streaming with blood; the effects of being torn with thorns, briars and brush.

To see these poor creatures dragged, like sheep to the slaughter, along the British lines, caused my heart to shrink with throbbings, and my hair to rise with rage; and if ever I committed murder in my heart, it was then, for if I had had an opportunity, and been supported with strength, I should certainly have killed the Governor, who seemed to take great delight in the exhibition. My business hurried me from this horrible scene, and I know not what became of those poor wretches, who were the miserable victims of savage power.

Every man in the Fort, capable of bearing arms, was trained twice a week, while I remained there.—I was taken with them one evening on parade, and there seemed to be a kind of providence in it, for it was the means of my not being draughted, as, on that day, I was taken with the ague and fever, and was not fit for service. My employers were very kind to me, and paid every attention in their power. On the next morning, between day-light and sunrise, the drums beat to arms, when my two employers rose immediately, dressed themselves, and obeyed the call. I, also, took my rifle and followed. One of them observing me, asked me where I was going. I answered, I supposed I must go on parade with them. They

advised me to go back and go to bed, for there would be a general draught that day, and that I would be the first man draughted, if I were found in the ranks. I went back and did as they directed me, and with fears, and awful apprehensions, waited their return. About 10 o'clock, they returned, and said they had told me in the morning I would be the first man called in the draught, which was truly the case, but said they answered to my name, and informed the Governor that I was lying sick at their house; and he made no reply. I remained with them for three weeks more, under partly pretended, and partly real sickness; at the end of which time, my old employer's partner came to my habitation, and informed me that a favorable opportunity then offered itself for me to leave the Fort, and if I would make application to the Governor, I might probably get a pass. I, accordingly, waited on the Governor, and told him I had remained a considerable time in the Fort, with my employer's goods, and should be very glad to have an opportunity of taking them to the place of destination, which I could not do without his signature to a pass, which would permit me to leave the Fort. He asked me when I would be ready to start. I told him if I could obtain his permission, I would be ready to start the next morning. He then asked me if I would take some provisions with me. I

enquired how much he wanted taken. He answered, four barrels of flour and two of pork, which he wanted left on the way. I answered him, my Boat would be considerably crowded, but I could take that quantity. On that condition, he gave me liberty to go, and sent his provisions on board the Boat the same evening. As I passed the door, going out of his office, the guard observed to me, now you will have to go to the Chief Justice, and procure a certificate, before your pass is valid. I then went to him, and asked him for a certificate, on which he asked me where was my bail. I informed him I had no bail procured, nor did I know there was any needed under such circumstances. —Well, said he, you cannot go until you furnish bail, neither can I give you a certificate. I then went to my employer's partner, and informed him that matters stood worse with me then than ever, for I could not get off without giving bail in the sum of five hundred pounds sterling, which I had no idea I could do, and must still remain in the Fort. He then observed he would go my bail. He went with me to the Chief Justice, entered bail for me, and I obtained a certificate. Having procured the proper documents for my departure, I set sail next morning, with two hands beside myself, and on the third day arrived at Sandusky, where I found my employer in good health, anxiously waiting

my arrival. I continued with him, and in his employ, until about the middle of October following; when, one morning, he appeared to have some very serious reflections; and after a deep study, observed to me, we should have to go to Detroit in a few days. I informed him, that the situation of the place was about as it was when I left there, and I had had such difficulties there before, I believed I should not go there again, while the place was in that situation; for it was probable I might again meet with the same, or worse difficulties. He then observed, I must go, or Robins, his partner, would have to pay the £500, for which he was bail for me, when I left there. I had not known before, that an obligation rested on my bail for my return, or, I believe, I should not have left there under such circumstances. However, I determined to relieve my bail; and the next morning we started for Detroit. When we arrived there, I waited on the Governor, with my employer; and gave up my pass and certificate to him. Now, said I to my employer, you need not depend on my services any longer, for I will never again plunge myself into such difficulties, or attempt to get another pass, or give bail in this place; for I now feel myself a free man, and will go where I please. He told me, I had better take good care in what I said, for if any of the British heard me use such

expressions, they would immediately inform against me, and I would be put on board the guard-ship, then lying at anchor there.

I continued in the Fort about a week longer; when, one morning my employer asked me, when I intended leaving there. I told him, I should go when I pleased. He answered, he wished to know, because he intended to leave there the next morning; and if I would meet him at Brownstown, he would employ an Indian to take my horse around, and take me on board his boat; "for," said he, "I cannot get along without you." I concluded I would meet him, and went there the same evening; where I met him, and got on board his boat; from whence, we made our way to Sandusky; where I remained some time in his employ. Whilst remaining here, a circumstance took place, which was in the utmost degree appalling to human nature; and raised such sensations of horror in my breast, that I never before experienced; and which, the reader may imagine, for I cannot describe them. A prisoner was brought in by the Wyandotts and Mingoës, to the store of my employer. Before the store door, were a number of Wyandotts, waiting to join in the murdering of him. As he was passing the house, they knocked him down with tomahawks, cut off his head, and fixed it on a pole, erected for the purpose; when commenced a scene of yell-

ing, dancing, singing and rioting, which, I suppose, represented something like demons from the infernal regions. After their fury and drunken frolick was abated, we sent to the Chief of the Nation for liberty to bury the body; and his answer was, "They do not bury our dead when they kill them, and we will not bury theirs:" on the return of which, we sent another petition, and informed him, that we would remove our store out of the country, if we could not have liberty to bury dead carcasses out of our sight. He answered then, that we might do as we pleased with them: on which, we took the head down, placed it to the body, as well as we could, wrapped them in a clean blanket, and buried him as decently as our situation would admit of.

Some time after this scene, the Delaware Indian, who first took me, came to Sandusky, on purpose for me, and said, I must go with him. I parleyed with him for some time, and told him I was not ready, and could not leave my business; but through his insinuating persuasions, he, at length, prevailed on me to go. I made ready as soon as possible, and accompanied him to Coshocton, (the Muskingum River,) where I remained a considerable time.

The Spring following, I was married to a young woman, seventeen or eighteen years of age; also a prisoner to the Indians; who had

been taken by them when about twenty months old. I was then in my twenty-fourth year. Our place of residence was in Moravian Town, for about two years; about which time, Col. Williams, an American officer, took possession of Coshocton; and shortly after, the British, and their Indian allies, took Moravian Town, with me, my wife and children, and all the Moravians, prisoners; and carried us to Sandusky. After arriving at Sandusky, the British would not suffer me to trade on my own footing, and for myself:—but five of them having placed their funds into one general stock, employed me to attend to their business for them; and, two of them being my old employers, they gave me the same wages as heretofore. Whilst in this employ, Col's Williams and Crawford marched with an army, against Sandusky; at which time I was closely watched by the Indians; and had to make my movements with particular regularity; though I had spies going to and fro, by whom, I could hear, every evening, where the army was encamped, for several days. One evening, I was informed, the army was only fifteen miles distant; when I immediately sent the hands to gather the horses, &c. to take our goods to Lower Sandusky. I packed up the goods, (about £1500 worth in silver, furs, powder, lead, &c.) with such agility, that by the next morning, at day light, we started for

Lower Sandusky. I also took all the cattle belonging to the company, along. After travelling about three miles, I met Capt. Elliot, a British officer; and about twelve miles farther on, I met the whole British army, composed of Col. Butler's Rangers. They took from me my cattle, and let me pass. That night I encamped about fourteen miles above Lower Sandusky; when, just after I had encamped, and put out my horses to graze, there came to my camp, a man, who was a French interpreter to the Indians. "Well," said he, "I believe I will stay with you, to-night, and take care of you." I told him, he could remain there for the night; but I intended starting early in the morning. Next morning, after we had got our horses loaded, ready to start, and the Frenchman had mounted his horse, we heard a cannon fire at Upper Sandusky. The Frenchman clapped his hand to his breast, and said, "I shall be there before the battle is begun:" but, alas, poor fellow! he got there too soon: without fear, or any thought but victory, he went on to where a parcel of Indians were painting and preparing for battle, put on a ruffled shirt, and painted a red spot on his breast; saying, "Here is a mark for the Virginia riflemen;" and shortly after, marched with the Indians to battle; where, in a short time, he received a ball in the very spot, and died instantaneously. I arrived at Lower

Sandusky on the second day, and remained there three days to hear the event. At length, the Americans under Col. Williams, stole a retreat on the Indians, who were gathering round them in great numbers; but Col. Crawford, with the most of his men, were taken by them. They tomahawked all his men, and burnt him alive.

After the decisive battle, my employers again insisted on my moving the store to Upper Sandusky, which I did, as soon as practicable; where I remained about three years in their employment. About that time, they dissolved partnership; when each man took his own share of the goods, &c. and entered into business for himself. One of them informed me, he was going to establish a store at New Coshocton, on the head waters of the Miami River; and if I would go with him, he would give me the same wages as heretofore; upon which, I agreed, and went with him.

Some time in the following Fall, the treaty between the Americans and Indians, took place at Fort Pitt; when I went with the Indians to the treaty, and left my wife and children behind, at New Coshocton. After matters were settled, and articles of peace signed, I joined in partnership with two others, in a trading association; and in a short time, started westward, with thirty-four horses, loaded with £1484

worth of goods. I went to Tuscarawas, and stayed about nine months; in which time, I had sold out nearly all our goods. About three months after I arrived there, Capt. Hamilton, an American officer, came there with another store, and set up close by me; about which time, I had got my wife and children with me again. Some time after, while Capt. Hamilton was gone to Fort Pitt, after goods, several Wyandott Indians came to his store; two of them killed his clerk, and bore off all his goods; at which, I was sorely frightened and alarmed, lest they should next serve me in the same way.

While I was sadly ruminating on what might befall me, a Delaware Indian, (one of my old acquaintances,) came to me, and said, "John, I will stand by you, and if you die, I will die by you." We went out soon after, and saw the poor fellow's body lying naked on the ground; we immediately prepared, and started from that place, leaving the naked body of Hamilton's clerk, lying on the ground. On our journey, I fully determined to kill the Indian who had tomahawked him; and thought, when we got to a thicket on Sugar-creek bottom, I would accomplish it; but before we arrived there, I got an opportunity to speak to my wife; when, I told her, my design was to kill that Indian, and make my escape. She immediately burst into tears, and said, "O, John! would you use me

so? to kill him, and make your escape, leaving me and my helpless children to the unabating fury of savage barbarity.' This so affected me, that I determined to stay and suffer with her, while I lived, let what might, turn up. Three days before this event took place, I dreamed that my head was cut off, and a new one put on, and tied with a silk handkerchief: — after my new head was put on, I thought I would bury my old one, and dug a hole under the sill of the storehouse; but when I got the hole dug, I thought something would hurt my head, and refrained. I made two more attempts to bury it, and at last did bury it; though it appeared as if I could see the ashes blow in my eyes.

We were then taken to the Shawnee Towns, on Mad River; and while I was there, the Indians hid all my property at Tuscarawas. After some time, I got a man to go with me to Fort Pitt; where I purchased horses to go in search of my goods. The third day we arrived at Tuscarawas; and after a considerable search, found them all. I carried them to Fort Pitt, and returned to my family: after staying with them some time, I again went to Fort Pitt, with the intention of dissolving partnership. I informed my partners, that the times were very dangerous, and trade very uncertain; and if they were willing, we would dissolve, and quit

business; at any rate for the present: but they had just purchased a large assortment of goods; and told me, if I would venture my body, they would the goods. I then agreed to set out once more.

I left Fort Pitt about the 15th of January; and fixed up a store, in the woods, at Coshocton, at the mouth of Whitewoman creek. In a short time, I collected about fourteen horse-loads of skins and furs. The hand I had with me, set out with them, for Fort Pitt; and after getting about two-thirds of the way, the Mingo and Wyandott Indians overtook him, killed him, and took the horses, and all the loading, off with them. I continued there with my family, and several horses, until about the first of April, under great apprehensions and fears. I then moved to Tapacon, twenty-five miles from Coshocton, where I left my family, and went on horseback to Fort Pitt. I told my partners, it was risking the property, and our lives also, to continue attempting to trade in such perilous times; and once more, made a proposition to dissolve, and quit, as the Indians had taken all our profits; but they thought I had better try, and stand it out, until the goods were all sold. I then returned to my family; but just before my arrival at home, two Indians came to my house, and told my wife, that we had better move to Fort Pitt: they said the Mingoes had

killed, and taken all the property of, the two traders we left at Coshocton. I then left my goods and skins with the two Indians, and set out with my family, for Fort Pitt; where we arrived in safety. Soon after, I returned with five men, to Tapacon; where I found my skins, where the Indians had hid them; but they had taken the goods and horses with them. We took the skins on to Fort Pitt; and soon after, I set out for the Shawnee Towns; and when I arrived there, found my horses and goods.

I then set out with a hunting party, of seventeen Indians, to Stillwater, Muskingum, Licking, &c. In the course of the rout, I sold my goods for peltry, and returned to Pittsburg. Shortly after, I settled up with my partners, and gave up the horses. I then left there with my family, and settled myself on Huron River, in a Moravian Town; where I remained some years. About that time, Gen. Harmer came with an army, to the Maumee River; and the appearance of things wore a very gloomy aspect. I knew not at what moment we might all be taken, killed, and plundered; and yet, not suffered to remove. One day, while I was pulling turnips, something, as it were, said to me, while I was stooping down, "What are you doing here? now is your time; make your escape with your family." I raised up—thought a while on the matter; and concluded

it was all a notion of the brain; and commenced my work again; when the same thing rang in my mind again: and after a considerable reflection, went and told my wife of it. Her reply was we shall certainly be killed, or taken, before we can possibly get through the wilderness. I then concluded, with her, it was more hazardous to go than to stay, and went to my work again. In a few minutes, the same reflection came again, more impressive than before. I went again to my wife, and informed her of it. She answered, I might do as I pleased. I then requested her secretly to prepare a good portion of parched corn, to pound it, and put plenty of sugar with it, for our journey; and I employed myself in making ready. On the first day of November, we started for Fort Pitt; and on the seventeenth, in the evening, we arrived at Big Beaver creek, at the American station, after travelling upwards of two hundred miles; every moment, fearfully looking for the Indians to overtake us. Such awful feelings and distress, I suppose, no man living, ever felt, as I had on the way; for, if we had been overtaken, we should all have been butchered or burnt alive. We remained three days at the station; after which, we set out again for Fort Pitt; where we arrived on the second day. From thence, we went to Bud's Ferry; and there, I found my wife's relations, who received us with a cordial

welcome. We settled there among them, and set up farming.

I have now got through with a narrative of some of my savage life, for eighteen years together, among the Indians; by which, the reader may imagine the sufferings I was prone to, during that time, as well as the savage disposition my mind had imbibed; where I could see or hear nothing, but scenes of bloodshed and carnage, sufficient to strike horror into any but savage hearts.

I will now give a short sketch of the merciful dealings of God towards me, in bringing me from the savage haunts of darkness, into the kingdom of his grace, to lead a religious life. My father was born in the city of Leeth, in Scotland, and my mother in Virginia, in the United States of America. They both belonged to the Church of England, and were very pious in their way; but died too soon to give any example to me. After leaving my uncle, I was entirely among strangers; and thought or cared very little about religion. When I was about sixteen years of age, one morning my mistress sent me to the spring for a pitcher of water, not more than forty steps from the door: while I was on the way, I was seized with a trembling; and by the time I returned with the water, I shook as with an ague. My master noticing it, asked me, what was the matter. I told him, I did not

know. He then told me to go to bed. I went upstairs, and lay down; and he brought a glass of liquor to me; but I could not take it. I recollected nothing for some hours afterwards. The first thing I recollected was, my master came to the bed with some stewed liquor; but the smell was so disagreeable, that I could not bear it, and I told him I could not take it; but he forced it on me. So soon as I had swallowed it, I puked it up again. He then turned from me, and said, "Poor fellow;" which was the last thing I knew for nine days and nights. All this time, I was in a kind of sleep or stupor; and the following scenes, or visions, took place in my mind:

At first, there was something resembling a cart, came into the room, and took me up the chimney: I next found myself on the side of a steep mountain, which, I thought, I must climb to the top; which seemed to be a great distance. Sometimes, I would almost gain the summit; when, I would get on a rolling stone, which would carry me back to where I started from. I made several attempts, until I thought I had worn my arms off to my elbows, and my legs to my knees; when, at last, by a hard effort, I gained the top. When I got there, I found it the handsomest and most delightful green I ever beheld, and the most agreeable place, I had ever been in. I walked along the green,

until I came to the most beautiful stream of water, I ever beheld — so clear, that I could see every pebble in it, any way I looked. I at length discovered a woman, washing at the brook. She told me I should go back again: when, I told her, I had very hard laboring to get there, and I did not wish to go back. Said she, “ You must go back, and bring a board from Col. Chambers’ saw-mill.” I went back; but while on the way, I concluded Col. Chambers’ dogs would bite me; and, when I passed, the dogs and all the family came after me, as if they would tear me in pieces; but I out-went them all, got to the saw-mill, picked up the board, and turned back again; but knew not how to get past the house; for when I had the board, I knew they could out-run me, and I would be taken. Sure enough, they did take me, carried me into the house, and lifted up a plank of the floor, where all appeared to be boiling underneath; which raised a steam of wormwood and all manner of bitter herbs, with a very disagreeable smell. They forced my head under, until I thought it would kill me. I struggled, until I got my head so far round, that I could see out; when I perceived they had locked the door, which was made of stone, with iron hinges. I continued in that situation for a length of time, struggling for life in the most excruciating torture; but finally, I succeeded in

getting away from them: the door flew open, and I ran with all the speed I had, and they pursued me along a level road, until I came near the mill-pond. Here the road forked; one to the left, and the other to the right. I pondered in my mind, which to take; but at length, took to the right. I had not gone far, when I beheld a man coming meeting me, riding a white horse; when my fears ceased, and my mind became calm. When we met, he said, "You have got away, have you? I was just coming to help you." He then took me with him, to a new house; and we both went up the first stairs, where I found it a delightful place. He then conducted me up to a second floor, and from that to a third, which was filled with the sweetest odours I ever smelt. Said he, "Now you must stay here, for if you go back, you will be abused; but I will take care of you here." While he was talking to me, I heard a woman say, "Do you think he will live till night?" At that juncture of time, I came to myself, after remaining in that situation nine days and nights, without knowing any thing that passed around me. After that time, I recovered as fast as health could be restored; and while convalescent, began to reflect very seriously. I thought, if I had died in that situation, I should have gone to Hell without doubt; but then, I felt sure I would get well. However, I then

resolved to alter my life, and live better than I had done; but, having no views but in my own strength, alas! I fell short, and the depravity of my heart led me away from God; for, through all my savage life, at times, I had serious reflections about a future state, and, sometimes, had thoughts about dying, which gave me much uneasiness; but, being without the Bible, or any religious instruction, I passed the time without a knowledge of any improvement. After I had settled myself near Robbstown, in Pennsylvania, being free from the Indians, and under American protection, I conceived, that if I joined myself to some professed body of Christians, that I should be saved: therefore, I went to hear one preacher; but could not feel satisfied to join them. The next I went to hear, pleased me well, and I joined the church to which he belonged, and paid yearly to their minister for a considerable time; but, on hearing him advance something I did not like, I concluded I would leave the church, which I did shortly after; but still continued in doubts and fears. Some months after I had left that church, as I was on my way from mill, a woman of my acquaintance, told me, she wished me to go with her to meeting; when, I asked her who was to preach: she answered, a Methodist preacher. I said, I should not go; but she insisted I should. I answered her, that I had

understood they were bad people, and from their behaviour I considered them devils, and I would not go near them; when I left her, and went on my way home. Two weeks from that day, on my way from mill again, she invited me into dinner, as, she said, it was just ready. I went in, and sat down to the table. While at the table, she said to me, "John, you must go with me to meeting, this day." I asked her again, who was to preach, when her husband named Samuel Hitt. I enquired what denomination he belonged to; and he answered he was a Methodist. I said, I should not go one yard. He answered, "If you do not go with me, you will hurt my feelings very much." He being a good neighbor, with whom I was on very intimate terms, I concluded I would go, rather than offend him. I at length agreed to go. On the way, I concluded I would watch closely for something to condemn them, and make sport of; for my heart was desperately wicked and contaminated; not knowing I must be born again before I could see the kingdom of heaven. When we arrived at the house, meeting had begun. They were singing; and when done, they all knelt down, and the preacher began to pray: while he was praying, I thought—How under the heavens can that man, who is such a bad man, pray in that manner. He arose, and took for his text the whole of the third chapter

of Malachi, commencing, "Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare a way before me," &c. I paid great attention — staring him in the face, expecting him to advance something for me to lay hold on; but it was not long before his words began to find their way to my heart; and while he was preaching, I concluded some person had told him my case; for he seemed to direct his whole discourse to me, and pointed out what a poor, miserable, undone sinner I was. After sermon, he told the class to stay in for class-meeting, with all those who felt a desire to stay in, and dismissed the congregation. I went out with the crowd, and left six or eight in the house. When we were all out, they shut the door. Now, thinks I, there is where they carry on their devilment, and I will immediately go home; which I did. A few days after, a man, by the name of Martin, came to the field, where I was at work: after the common civilities of meeting, were over, I observed, "Mr. Martin, I have been to hear a Methodist preacher:" when, he enquired, "How did you like him?" I answered, the man prayed very well, and preached the best I ever heard, or, rather guessed at matters, for he told me things which I had never disclosed; his words, however, seemed to come with power to my heart; but, afterwards, I went out with the crowd of people; they shut the door, for some

kind of private meeting; and, I supposed, they entered into all kinds of mischief and bad works. He then asked me, when they would be there again. I told him, that day two-weeks; when, he answered, "If you will go again, I will go with you." I answered him, "If you will come to my house, on the morning of that day, I will go with you." He came according to appointment; and on our way to meeting, he observed, "I wonder if they will turn us out again?" I answered, I did not know. "Well," said he, "if they do not turn us out, we will not go out:" upon which we firmly agreed to stay in on that day. He preached his farewell sermon; and a great sermon I thought it was too. When sermon was over, he dismissed the congregation, and we both went out with the crowd, forgetting our mutual promise, to stay in; and immediately set out for home. After conference was over, there came two preachers on that circuit; one, by the name of Watson; and the other, by the name of Ferguson: and when I heard Watson was to preach, I gave Martin notice thereof; and we went to hear him. On our way, we again solemnly agreed to stay in with the class. He preached a great sermon, according to my idea; for he again told me of all the evils in my heart; together with the many promises I had made, to become religious; which caused me to

wonder very much thereat; knowing he could not possibly have heard any thing of my case personally; but, when sermon was over, we went out again, awfully fearing to stay; and went on our way home. Two weeks after that, Ferguson preached, when, we went again: as we were going to the meeting, "Now," said Martin to me, "why do you go out of the house every time? I would stay in; but when I see you rise to go out, I always follow you." We then made a firm resolution again, to stay in that day. However, he said I was the oldest man, and he would be guided by me, as he only went with me for company: when, I told him that that time I would certainly stay in with him. When we got to meeting, it appeared, that Ferguson had been sent to another circuit; and one Philips came in his place. He preached a very affecting sermon; after which, I arose and went out, and Martin followed me; and we went on home the third time with broken promises. At Mr. Watson's next appointment, we went again; and on the way again made a firm and pointed promise to stay in class. Under preaching, that day, I was more affected than I had ever been before; though much alarmed when I heard Mr. Hitt preach the first time. After preaching, I went out again, walked across the road, and leaned against a fence, entertaining awful apprehensions relative to a future state.

After some time, I turned around, and saw several persons standing at the door listening; when, I concluded I would go and hear too — perhaps there might be some good news for me: but when I got there, I found they were laughing, and making sport of what was going on in the house. It struck me like lightning — “My God, shall I be numbered with these!” upon which, I went to Martin, and told him, I should go home. He answered, “I will go with you.” We started, and had travelled but a little way, when he tapped me on the shoulder, and said, “Stop; what are we going home for?” I told him I would never be found with the mockers and game-makers. Upon which, he proposed going back, and said, “You open the door, and I will go in with you.” I observed, perhaps they would not let us go in. He said, we would make the trial at all events: so we pushed through the crowd to the door; I raised the latch, and we went in and seated ourselves. Soon after we were in, Mr. Watson came to me, and spoke with a feeling, which had great weight on my mind. Said he, “I see you are much affected; do you wish to join with us?” I told him, I desired to be in the right way, that leads to everlasting rest: and, after advising, and trying to comfort me, he spoke to Martin also; who told him, he wished to join the class. Every word he spoke, representing Jesus Christ

as the Saviour, seemed to sink deep on my heart, and my convictions became almost intolerable; under which, it seemed as if I was unable to bear up. After meeting was over, Martin and myself started home. On our way, I observed to Martin, "Now, we have joined with a people, who are persecuted and scorned above all others, and we must keep it a secret;" for, at that time, I would not have had the matter known, publicly, for the world. My convictions now grew worse, and appeared more awful than ever; the reflections passing through my mind, that I had now made profession of religion, and if I should be wrong, my situation was worse than before, not yet being enabled to set faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and trust my all to him.

I then betook myself to private prayer, at fixed places and times, (not believing my heart was constantly engaged.) Afterwards, I took up family prayer; but still thought I would get religion without letting the world know it, but did not know how to proceed; still thinking I had something peculiar to do, but did not know which way to begin that work. I obtained the Presbyterian Confession of Faith, thinking that would give me some satisfaction; but on perusal thereof, I could receive no particular encouragement to a desponding mind. I then heard of a Methodist Discipline, which I bor-

rowed. I read it through, and it seemed to give greater encouragement to those in my situation: therefore, I concluded, that perhaps the Lord would reach his sovereign mercy to me, though I had been a great sinner; and contented myself to stay with them, though I still continued to doubt and fear, lest I was still wrong, and the Lord would not extend his mercies to me; for, by this time, I was perfectly convinced, that except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of heaven; and, having tried all means in my power, to initiate myself into his favor, in my own strength, which all failed; I, therefore, came to the conclusion, that, if the Lord saw cause to save me, it was his mercy; and if not, my sins had already condemned me; and I must say the condemnation was just: but, my continued prayers were now for mercy, to a poor, miserable sinner.

Whilst I was at work in the cornfield, one day, when the corn was about head high, such awful feelings, with a darkness, came over me, that I knew not what to do. I at length fell on my knees, and prayed to God Almighty, to show me the right way, and put me in it; for I was a poor, miserable creature, and without his almighty aid, must be damned forever. When I arose from my knees, I felt a gleam of hope; but it soon vanished into doubts and fears, lest it should be resting on a sandy foundation. The

next meeting, Mr. Philips' discourse took a deep hold on me; and after he commenced class-meeting, came to me; but I was so absorbed in thought, that I had lost my speech; for I was sure I should die, and go to hell. It appeared as if my ribs were leaving my back-bone, and expected in a few, minutes to know my eternal fate. When he spoke to me, I roared out as loud as I could halloo, and down I fell prostrate on the floor. He called on a brother and sister to go to prayer, while he stood by me; and, when they were down, prayed with great power; and I thought all in the house poured out their prayers to God, on my behalf.

Whilst this scene was in operation, it appeared as if my load of guilt left me, and my heart felt light, being much comforted with the precious promises of mercy, held forth in the Gospel. Now, methought, that the blood of Jesus Christ, which was shed on Calvary, had made a complete atonement for my sins, and that God, through that mediation, could look on me with the same love and complacency, as though I had never committed a sin in my life; and, for his merits alone, I stood completely justified before God; which gave me such a transport of joy, that the reader must imagine, for I cannot describe it. Every thing seemed to wear a new appearance to me, and I could truly say, that though, I thought God was angry with me, that

his anger was now turned away, and he did comfort me. I then rose up to tell what the Lord had done for my poor soul, and concluded, my days of trouble were all over, for I should not doubt or fear any more, after so glorious an evidence from my heavenly Father. But, alas! to my sorrow, I have had many trials, doubts, tribulations, and conflicts of every nature, to combat with, since. At that time, I concluded I would not let the world know my situation, on any account, for, such dreadful persecutions then raged in the land, that I was afraid, if I came out with an open profession, that it would injure my situation, as a citizen;—so far did my wicked heart of flesh lead me astray, from the paths of rectitude; but, blessed be God! his will shall be accomplished, and his purposes performed; for it is he that strengthens his children to fortify themselves against opposition, and leads them in paths they have not known, makes crooked things straight, and will not forsake them. I must now stop a while to compare the contrast between that day and this; and am sometimes lost in wonder, when the Christian complains of a hard heart, and many deceivers who have crept in among us, together with all the insinuating stratagems of Satan, to lead him astray; that he cannot direct his views towards the Author of his salvation and hope. When we are now, through the providence of

Almighty God, placed in a land of liberty, where every child of God may worship him in that way the spirit dictates, without any to make him afraid; where he may call together his family and neighbors, to join in worship—and the Christian's life, or, rather, the professor's life, has become honorable in the world, which seems to receive applause. But not the case then; for they were persecuted for religion's sake alone. The soul had to fight, and bear up, under persecutions and privations, which are not known now; which has often comforted me, for, it seemed, as if a purification by fire, of persecution; and, I have often thought, if the same persecution now existed, that the real children of God would be more generally known to each other. The recollection of those times, I am apprehensive, will never be erased from my mind.

In the year 1795, about two years after my conversion, I moved, with my family to the Ohio River, in a boat of my own building, and landed at Marietta; there I sold my boat, and bought a large canoe. I left part of my goods at Marietta, and pushed my canoe up the Muskingum River, to the mouth of Meig's Creek; where my canoe sunk, and I lost all I had on it. I stayed there ten days, trying to get my goods and money out of the river; during which time, myself and family subsisted on such game as

I could procure from the woods; but I never found any thing but the canoe. I then returned to Marietta, where we arrived on Sunday morning; and found the inhabitants playing cards, and shooting at mark, with other species of gambling. While we remained at Marietta it took the chief part of my goods left, for our support; except about one thousand pounds of castings, which I let remain there. I also sold my cattle, on the proceeds of which, we lived, after the goods, stored there, were chiefly expended. After some considerable stay, we set out for the place, from which we started. Myself, wife, and two children, went on board the canoe, and we rowed up the Ohio, as far as the Tough Reach, when we halted at one Samuel Wilson's, who persuaded us to settle in that neighborhood, on Congress land, which was then unoccupied. I concluded to do so; and that Fall, cleared about three acres; during which time, I had to live on bread and water; after being forced to part with my gun, for bread; which had, many times, been my chief dependence for the support of life. I was constrained then, to borrow a gun from one of my neighbors, wherewith to procure game for myself and family to subsist on. But, glory be to God! in these sad extremities, when even starvation seemed to stare me in the face, with that of my family also, which was dearer to me

than life itself, he did not forsake me; but gave such comforting effusions of his love, into my soul, that enabled me to rejoice in the anticipation of that blessed day, when he will make up his jewels; and enabled me to set faith in him; without which, I must have sunk beneath the terrible obstructions which seemed to oppose my way. And, blessed be His name! he enabled me to contend earnestly, for the faith once delivered to the saints, through all the perils which opposition seemed to present, and enabled me to trust in him, for all things. At length, through the smiles of Providence, I got into a situation to live reasonably well; and continued in that place for five years; in which time, I accumulated sufficient funds to purchase a small piece of land on Middle Island.

Two years before I left that place, for Middle Island, my poor wife (who had been deranged for several years, which was occasioned by the falling sickness,) left the world, and me to lament her loss. She went off without a groan, as one entering into a sound sleep. Then a scene of severe troubles and trials, presented themselves to my view. One of my children had become of age, and left me; and I had bound another to a trade; in consequence of which, I was then left alone; and what to do I did not know; but still placed my confidence on Him, who, I was enabled to believe, cared for me.

My situation then became such, that my neighbors persuaded me, it would be best for me to marry again; and after a mature deliberation, and many prayers to God, on the subject, I at length was married a second time, to a widow, by the name of Sarah M'Kee, in the year 1802. She was a woman, who was, at that time, destitute of religion, but of good morals. The next Spring, I heard there was to be preaching at Marietta, by the Methodists; and myself, with two others, set out to go there, which was about twenty-five miles distant. When we arrived there, we found a Mr. Steel, who was a preacher; and, after the duties of the appointment were over, I invited him to preach at my house. He made an appointment there, and attended the same; which was the first preaching I had heard since I had left the place, where I had joined them. After that, there were regular appointments there, so long as I stayed; which was the first established preaching in all that section of country. While I remained there, we had a quarterly meeting; which was the most gratifying to me, that I ever witnessed. The work of the Lord manifested itself in quickening a number of dead souls, who were, I trust, afterwards, truly converted to God. Among the rest, was my wife, who dated her convictions from that time; and shortly afterwards, professed to have received

a change of heart; placing all her hope and trust on the merits of a crucified Jesus: and, blessed be God! I was no longer left alone, in my feeble efforts, to grapple with oppositions; but, have since found her an active partner, in pressing forward to the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

Shortly after, I moved to Middle Island, only five miles distant; and there, it pleased God to bless me, not only with spiritual things, but in basket and store also. I remained on the island five years; when, I sold my property, and moved to Wills' Creek, in Guernsey county; where I stayed from April to August; at which time, I purchased a piece of land, in Fairfield county, Ohio, ten miles from Lancaster; where, I have now lived for fifteen years. And I praise God, that I am yet a soldier of the cross; for He has given me grace to support me through many trials and difficulties; and many have been the combats with the enemy, which he has brought me through, and is still my shield and buckler; for I cannot find any other pool, where living waters flow.

I am now in my 77th year; and anticipate, that a few more rough storms and beating tempests will land my little bark on the other side of Jordan, where trials, tempests, storms, sorrows, sin, or afflictions cannot reach me. I must say, I have experienced some joyful

seasons; and it lifts my soul into ecstacies, and warms my heart with love, when I contemplate that the time is near at hand, when I shall leave this poor polluted, sinful and worn out body, and gain that land of rest and delight, which is prepared at the right hand of God, for all those that love him. And may the God of all grace, give me grace to support me, and lead me in his ways, to the honor and glory of his name, and reconcile me to all his dispensations, until that time shall arrive, is the prayer of poor, unworthy

JOHN LEETH.

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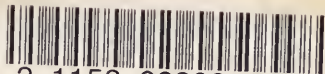
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